So did she that gentle knyght
It was the more pytte
The knight was both hardy and strong
And one we the lady loued him well.
Lordes came from many a lande
Her to haue I vnderstaude
With force folde and fell
Sir Pyrrus amour then did crye
Strong instynge and tourmentry
For the loue of Cristabell
What man soeuer did her craue
Such strockes Eglamoure him gaue
That down right he fell
That it befell vpon a daye
To his chamberlayne he did say
Where they together did syt
Fayre frend naught to layne
My counsel to thee would I tell
On thee is all my trust
Mayster he saide by my faye
Whatsoeuer ye say to me
I shall it neuer out caste
The erles doughter, so god me saue
the loue of her if I haue not
My lyfe it may not last
Mayster then sayd the pouge man free
You haue tolde me your councell
I wyll geue you answere
to this tale vnderstande
Ye are a knyght of lytel lande
And much woulde haue more
If I should to that lady gone

And shewed to her your harte alone
She lightly wouldē let me fare
The man that hewethouer hye
Thus fare doth it euer
Remember master of one thyng
That her wolde haue both erle and kynge
And Dukes that are full bolde
And many a bolde barone also
The lady wyll none of tho
But in her maydenhede holde
For wyste her father by yenen kinge
That ye were set on such a thynge
Right dere it shold be bought
Trowe ye she would a kinge forsake
And suche a symple knyght take
But if ye haue loued of olde
The knyght answered full mylde
Syre euer syth thou were a chylde
Thou haste be loued of me
In any iustynge or in any stoure
Saw thou me euer haue any dishonoure
Nay maister at all ryghtes
Ye are one of the best knyghtes
That is in christente.
In deede of armes by god on lyue
Thy body is worthy other fyue
Graūmarcye syr sayd he
Eglamour syghed and said no more
But to his chamber gan he fare
That rytchely was wrought
To god his handes he held vp soone
Lord he said graunt me a boune
As thou on roode me bought

The erles doughter fayre and free
That she may my wife be
For she is moste in my thought
That I may wedde her to my wyfe
And in hope to lede out lyfe
From care then were I brought
On the morrowe that mayden small
Ete wyth her father in the hall
That was so fayre and bryght
Al the knightis were at mete saue he
The ladye said for goodes pitie
wher is syr Eglamoure my knight
His squier answered with heui cheare
He is sycke and dead full nere
He praieth you of a syght
He is now casten in such a care
But if he amende of hys fare
He liueth not to nyght
The erle to his doughter spake
Damosel he sayd for goodes sake
Lysten vnto me
After me do as I the hende
To his chamber se thou wende
For he was curteys and fre
Full truly wyth his intente
Iustyng and in tourneimente
He said vs neuer naye
wher any dedes of armes were
He wanne the pryce with tourney clere
Our worshipp for euer and aye
Then after meate that ladi gente
Dyd her fathers commaundement
She busked her to wende
with her she toke her maydens

And to his chamber dyd she go
That was curteis and bende
For she went, without ken more
For nothinge would she spare
But went there as he laye
Wayter sayde the squire, be of good chere
Here commeth the etles daughter dere
Some wordes to thee to say
And then saide that lady bryght
How fareth sir Eglamoure my knight
That is man tight faire
For sothe lady as ye may see
With wo I am bound for the loue of thee
In longing and in care
Sir she saide, by goddes pitie
If ye be agreued for me
It wolde grene me full sore
Damesell if I might tourne to like
I wolde haue you to be my wyfe
Sir she saide, so mote I thee
Ye are a noble knight and free
And come of gentell bloode
A mautul man, ye are in felde
To winne thee gree with speare and shelde
Nobly by the roode
Sir at my father, I rede ye witte
To se what ye will saye to it
Or if his will be good
And if that he be at assente
As I am true lady and gente
My will it shall be good.
The knyght desired none other bleste
Whan he had gotten his grauntes

But made ryall cheare
He commaunded a squire to go
Of golde to fetche an.C.pound or two
And giue the maydens clere
Sir Eglamoure saide, so haue I blys
To your mariage, I giue you this
For ye nevercome here ore
The lady him thanked, & kyssed the knyght
She toke her leaue anone right
Farewell my true loue deare
Thru homewarde she tooke the waye
Welcome said the erle in fay
Tell me how ye haue doue
Say my daughter whyte as floure
How fareth my knyght syr Eglamours
And she answered him soone
Forsothe to me he hartely sware
He was amended of his care
Good comforte hath he taue
He tolde me and my maidens hende
That he to the ryuer would wende
With houndes and hankes ryght
The erle said so mote I the
With him will I ryde that sight to se
On the morowe when it was daye
Syr Eglamoure toke the waye
To the ryuer full ryght
The erle made him stop there
And both they rode to the riuere
To see some faire fyght.

ALl the daye they made good chere
a wrath began as ye may here

As they rod homeward in the waye
Syr Eglamour to the erle can saye
Wyl lorde wyll you now here
All redy Eglamour in saye
whatsoeuer ye to me saye
To me it is full deere
For why the doughtest art thou
That in thys lande dwelleth now
For to bere shielde and spere
Wyl lorde he saide so god me saue
I know no man that she wolde haue
Wyl doughter fayre and clere
Nowe good lord I you praye
For I haue you serued manya daye
To gyue me her withouten nay
The earle sayd by gods payne
If thou her wynne as I shall fayne
By dedes of armes three
Then shalt thou haue my daughter dere
And all Artois far and nere
Gramarcy syr sayd he
Sir Eglamoure sayd so mote I the
If my iourney faine would I be
Right soone he made ready
The erle said here by the west
Dwelleth a gyaunte in a forest
Fouler sawe I neuer ere
Therin be trees fayre and longe
Three hartes renne them amonge
The fairest that on foote may gone
Syr might ye bring one a waye

That durst I boldly saye
That he had bene there
For soth he said Eglamours then
If that he be a christen man
I shall him neuer forsake
The erle said in good theare
With him shalt thou fight in feare
His name is sir Marbake
The knight thought on cristabell
Ye swore by him that harowen yell
Him wolde he neuer forsake
Sir kepe well my lady and my lande
Therto the erle helde vp his hande
And trothes they did strike
Then afterwarde as I you saye
Sir eglamoure toke the way
To that lady so free
Damoselle ye hayd to her a mone
For your loue I haue vndertaine
Dedes of armes thyse
Good sir she sayd be mery and glad
For a worse iourney ye neuer had
In no christen countrey
If god graunt vs that is his grace
That we may from this iourny pace
God graunt it may be so
Sir if you be on hauntinge bounde
I shall you giue a good greyhounde
There was neuer dere that he at ran
That might scape him fro
Also a swearde I gene thee
That was founde in the sea

Of ſuche knowe I no mo
If ye haue haye to keepe it well
there is no hethe of yron and ſtele
But it woulde carue in two
Eglamoure kiſſed that lady gente
He toke his leaue, & forth he wente
His leue nowe hath he taine
the hye ſtreete helde he weſt
Till he came to the foreſt
Fairer ſawe he neuer none
With ſtrong walles of ſtone
Forth he rode as I vnderſtand
tyll the time that the gate fonnd
And therein he is gone
His horne he blewe in that tide
Hartes roſe vpon euery ſyde
And a noble dere full preſt
the hounde ſawe the dere gan haye
That harde the giaunt wher he lay
It let him of his reſt
Why thinketh thy hounds that I here
That there is on hunting my deare
It wer better that he had not
By hym that ware the crowne of thorne
In a worſe tyme blewe he neuer horne
For derer bought it was
Warrock the giaunt tooke the way
Through the foreſt ther it lay
To the gate he ſet his back
Sir Eglamoure hath done the dede
Slaine an hart. and ſmitten of hys head
The price he blewe full ſhirell

And when he came there, the giaunt was
Good syr he sayd, let me passe
Nay ye traytoure thou art sure
Wyth pyncipall hart thou hast slaine
Thou shalt it like full yll.
The giaunte at the chasse
A greate clube vp he takes
That vilanous was and great
And che a stroke he him gaue
that into the earth went his stacke
A foote on euery syde
traytour he sayd what doest thou here
In my forest to slee my dere
Here thou shalt now now abyde
Eglamoure his swerde out drew
and in his eies made such a shewe
and in de him blinde that tide
Howe be it he lost his sight
He fought with sir eglamoure the knight
Two dayes and more
Tyll the thyrde daye at pryme
Sir Eglamoure waited well his time
and to the harte him bare
throughe goddes might and his knife
there the giaunt lost his lyfe
Fat he began to roze
For certayne soth as I you saye
When he was moten there he lay
He was fyftene foote and more
Through the might of god and of his knife
thus hathe the giaunte lost his lyfe
He may thanke god of his boone
the giauntes head with him he bare

The right way he founde there
Till he came to the castell of stone
All the whole courte came him agayne
Such a heed they began to say
Sawe they neuer none
Before the erle he is bare
Wyl lorde he said haue him there
Witnesse to you all
The erle said sith it is done
Another iourney thou shall come soone
Buise thee and make thee ready
To Sadyen that country
For therin may no man be
For doughte of a boze
His tuskes are a yarde longe
Wyth stythe stalke couered emoug
It couereth neuer more
Both man and beast it sleeth
All that he encountreth
And geueth them wounded sore
For Eglamoure would not game say
His leue he tooke all wery of his waye
To hys countrey went he
Toward Sadyen I vnderstand
A fayre mayde he met on lande
And also longe ere
Fell gaine hym encountre
Into the forest he did ride
Where as the boore should be
And tydynges of the boze soone he found
Men say I can do many a thynge
That pity it was to see
Sir Eglamoure that knyght awake
And quickly vnder an oke

Tyll mydowe the sonne shone bryght
Into the forest fast did he hye
Of the boze he had a crye
And never he gan gone right
Faire helmes he founde in fere
That men of armes had left there
That the boze had slayne
Eglamoure to the cleft went hee
He saw the boze come fro the sea
His mayne draught had he tane
The boze sawe where the knight rode
His tuskes he whetted as he were wode
To him he drewe that tyme
Sir Eglamoure wened well to doo
With a speare he rode him to
As fast as he might ride
All if he rod never so fast
The good praysed louder brast
It would not into the hide
That boze had him two ymonghe
His good horse vnder him he slonghe
On foote then must he bide
Eglamoure sawe no bote that tide
But to a noke he set his syde
Amonge the trees great
His good swerde he drewe out then
And smote vpon the wilde swine
Two dayes and somedele more
Till the third day erst none
Eglamoure thought his life was done
For fightinge with that boze
then Eglamoure with ger moode
Smote of the bozes head
His tulkes he smote of there

The kinge of Sarden on huntinge did rate
With fifteue armed men and moze
The boze loude herde he yell
He commaunded a squier to fare
Some man is in peryll there
I trowe to longe we dwell
No longer wolde the squier tary
But thither rode fast by fayat mary
He was therto full sneil
Up to the clyffe rode he there
Sir Eglamoure fought fast with the boze
With strokes fiers and fell
the squire stode and beheilde them two
He weute againe and tolde so
Forsoth the boze is slaine
Lorde saint mary how maye this be
A knight is yonder certainely
That was the bozes bane
Of golde he beareth a semely syght
A stede of Azure armed knight
to battayle as he shoulde goue
And on the creste vpon the heade is
A lady made in her likenesse
His spoze is fable echone
The kinge sayde so mote I thee
Those riche armes will I see
And thether he toke the way
By that time syr Eglamoure
Had ouercome the sharpe staure
And ouerthwert the boze laye
The king sayd god rest with thee
My lord sayd Eglamoure welcome be ye
Of peace now I thee praye
I haue so foughten with the boze

That certainley I may no more
This is the thyrde daye
They saide all anone right
Great syn it were with thee to fight
Or to do any tene
Wanfully thou hast slaine this boye
That hath done hurt soze
And many a man ans death hath bene
thou hast wanfully vnder shielde
Slaine the boze here in the fielde
That all we haue seene
This gaue I wish the seth to say
That he hath slaine xl. on a day
Of my armed knightes kene
Meate and drinke they him brought
the riche wine they spared nought
And white clothes they spredde
the king sayd ic note I thee
I will dine for the loue of thee
thou take be kinde bested
Forsoth then sir Eglamoure sayes
I haue fought these fours days
And not a foote him fledde
then said the king, I pray thee
All night to dwell with me
And rest the in a bedde
And after mete the soth to say
the kinge sir Eglamoure did pray
Of what country he was
His name he sayd is Eglamoure
I dwell also with sir Prinsamour
that erle is of Artoys
thar Lords to the king drew
this same is he that Herrocke slew

The giaunkes brother Mauas,
Syr layd the kinge I pray thee
these three dayes to dwell with me
Fro me thou shalt not passe
There dwelleth a giaunte here beside
My daughter thatis of mekell pride
He would haue her me fro
I dare to no place go out
But men of armes be me about
For dread of my fo
the boze hast thou slaine here
That hath here dwelled this fiftene yeare
Christen men for to slo
Now is he gone with sorow inough
to his brother that thou sloughe
That euer wrought him wo
To breke the boze they went full tite
there was no knife that would him bite
So harde of hide was he
Sir eglamoure thou him sloughe
I trowe thy swozde be good ynough
Haue done I pray thee
Eglamoure to the boze can gone
and claue him by the ridge bone
That ioye it was to see
Lozdinges he said great and small
Gine me the head and take your all
For why that is my fee
The king said so God me saue and see
thou hast bought it full dere
All the country was faine
For the wilde boze was slaine
They made full merry cheare
The quene said god saue vs from shame

For when the giaunt cometh home
Newe tidinges shal be here
against euen the kinge did dight
A bath for that gentle knight
That was of herbes good
Sir eglamoure therin lay
Tyll it was light of the daye
that men to matins yode
By that time he had heard masse
The giaunt to the place come was
And cryed as he were wode
Sir kinge he saide sende vnto me
Ardnada thy daughter free
Or I shall spill thy bloode
Sir eglamour anone right
In good armour he him dight
and vpon the walles he yode
He commaunded a squier to beare
The bores head vpon a speare
that the giaunt might it see
And when he loked on that head
alas he sayd art thou dead
My trust was all in thee
Now by the lawe that I liue on
My litteli speckeled hogiine
Dere bought shall they death be
the giaunt on the walles doung
at euery stroke fire out sprong
For nothing wolde he spare
towarde the castell gan he crye
False traytour thou shalt dye
Your stronge walles I shall downe dinge
and my handes I shall the hinge

Ere that I further passe
But through the grace of god almight
the giaunte had his hyll of sight
and therto soondele more
Sir eglamoure was not agast
On mightfull god was all his trust
and on his swoyde so good
to eglamoure saide the kinge then
Best is to arme vs euery man
this thefe I holde him woode
Sir eglamoure sware by the roode
I shall him assaye yf he be woode
Mikell is gods might
He rode a course to say his stede
He toke his helme and forth he yede
all men prayed for that knight
Sir eglamoure into ỳ felde taketh
the giaunt see that and to him goeth
Welcome he said my fere
thou art he that slew my boye
That shalt thou repent full soye
and by it wonder deare
Sir Eglamoure thought wel to do
With a speare he rode him to
As a man armes cleare agayne
agayne him the giaunt was redy
But horse & man, he bare al downe
that dead he was full nere
Sir eglamour conld no better rede
But what time his horse was dead
to his foote he hath him tane
And then eglamoure to him gan go
the right arme, he smote him fro
Euen by the shoulder bone

All if that he had left his hand
All the day he stode fightaude
Tyll the sonne to rest gan go
the sothly to saye withouten lye
He sobbed and was so dry
that lyke then lasteth none
All that ou the walles woze
When they heard the giaunte roze
Foz feye the belles they rouge
Edmonde was the kinges name
Swoze to sir Eglamoure by saint Jame
Hare shall you be kinge
to mozowe thou shalt crowned be
and thou shalt wed my daughter free
Eglamoure answered with wozde mylde
God giue you ioy of your chylde
Foz here may I not abyde longe
Sir eglamoure foz thy doughty dede
thou shalt nor be called leude
In no place where thou go
then sayd Ardnada that swete thinge
Haue here of me a good golde ringe
With a prestous stone
Wherso ye be on water oz lande
Nothing may you slone
Grainarcy sayd eglamoure my ladyfre
This fiftene yere will I abyde thee
So that ye wyl me wed
This wyl I sweare so God me saue
Kinge ne prince wyl I neue haue
If they be comely cled
Damosel he say by my fay
By that time I shall you say

How that I haue ſpedde
He toke the giaunts head and the boze
And toward Artoys did he fare
God helpe me at nede
By that ſeuen weekes were come to end
Euen in Artoys he diu lende
Where as Pzinſaucure was
The Erle therof was greatly fayre
that Eglamoure was come againe
So was both moze and leſſe
When Criſtabell as bzight as ſonne
Herde tell that Eglamoure was come
to hym ſhe went full yare
Sir ſhe ſayd how do you fare
Damoſell he ſayd I haue trauiled ſare
To bzing vs both out of care
The knight kiſſed that lady gente
and then into the hale he wente
The Erle foz to ſhew
the Erle aunſwered and was full of wo.
What deuyll may nothing the ſo
Foꝛſoth right as I wene
thou art about as I vnderſtand
Foꝛ to win Artoys and all my land
And alſo my daughter cleane
Syꝛ Eglamour ſayd ſo mote I the
Not but if I woꝛthy be
So god gyue me good of it
The Erle ſaid ſuch chaunce may fall
That ou may come and quit all
B thou neuer ſo hardy
But good loꝛd, I you pzay
Of twelue wekes to gine me day
Of euery body to reſt

Twelue wekes were graunted then
By prayer of many a gentilman
and comforted him with the best
Sir eglamour after souper
Went to cristables chamber
With torches brenning bright
the lady was of so great pride
She set him on her bed side
And said welcome sir knight
then eglamoure did her tell
Of aduentures that hym befell
But there he dwelled all night
Damoiselle he sayd so god me spede
I hope to god you for to wedde
and then their trouthes plight
By that twelue wekes were come and gone
For cristable white as sonne
All men wexed her hewe
She sayd vnto her maidens fre
In that ye know my priuity
Looke that ye be true
The Erle angerly gan fare
to eglamoure he sayd make thee ready
For thy iourney is new
Wheu cristabell therof herd tell
She mourned both night and day
That all men might here rew
the erle said ther is me told long
Besidge Rome there is a dragon stronge
Forsoth as I you say
the dragon is of such renowne
There dare no man come nere the towne
By fyue myle and more
Arme thee will and thyther go

Lyke hit thou art with thy bryde
Or els say me nay
Syr Eglamoure to the chamber went
and toke his leaue of that lady gente
White as floure on felde
Damesell be sayd I haue to done
I go and come again right sone
through the might of Mary milde
A golde ringe I wyll geue thee
Kepe it well for the loue of mee
If Christ sende me a childe
and then in Romaunte as we saye
To great Rome he toke the way
to seke that dragon wylde
If he were neuer so hardy a knight
When he of the dragon had a sight
His harte began to colde
anoue the dragon waxed wroth
He smote eglamoure and his steede bothe
that both to grounde they fell
Eglamoure rose and to him set
and on that foule worme he bet
with strokes many and bolde
the dragon shot fire with his mouth
And alway againe euen the more
He semed a dyuell of hell
Sir Eglamoure nere him gan go
Halfe his taile he smit him fro
then he began to yell
and with the stumpe that yet was leued
He smote eglamoure on the head
that stroke was fiers and fell
Sir eglamoure nere him gan go
the dragons head he smote of tho

Forsoth as I you say
His winges he smote of also
He smote the ridge boue in two
and won the fielde that day
The emperoure of Rome, lay in his toure
and fast beheld syr Eglamoure
And to his knights gan say
Do cry in Rome, the Dragon is slayne
A knight him slew with might and maine
Manfully by my fay
through Rome they made a cry
Euery officer in his bayly
the dragon is slaine this day
and then the emperoure tooke the way
To the place where Eglamoure lay
Beside that foule thinge
With all that euer could ride
Syr Eglamoure they haue vp taine
and to the towne they can him
For hope that the dragone was slayne
they came with procession him againe
And belles they did ringe
the emperour of Rome brought him home
Constantine that was his name
A Lord of great longinge
and all that euer saw his head
they sayd that eglamoure was but dead
That knight sir eglamoure
the Emperour had a daughter bright
She vnder toke to heale the knight
Her name was Viardus
With good salues she healed his head
and saued him fro the dead
that lady of greatvalours

And there within a lytle stounde
She made eglamours hole and sounde
God gyue her honoure
Anone worde came to Arthoys
How that the dragon slayne was
A knight that dede hath done
So longe at the lechecraft he did dwell
That a fayre sonne had Cristabell
As white as whales bone
Than the earle made his bowe
Daughter into the sea shalt thou
In a shippe by thee one
Thy yonge sonne shall be thy fere
Christendome getteth it noue here
Her maidens wepte echeone
Her mother in swone did fall
Right so did her frends all
That would her any good
Good lorde she sayde, nowe I you pray
Let some preest a Golpell saye
For doute of feudes in the stode
Farewell she sayd my maidens al
Grete wel my Lord, whan you him ses
They wepte as they were woode
Leue we nows of sir Eglamoure
and speake we more of that lady floure
That vnknowen waies rede
The shippe drone night and day
Up to a roche the south to say
Where wilde beastes did run
She was full faine I vnderstande
She weude she had bene in some land
And vp than went she
No maner of men found she there

But as fowles and beastes that there wer
That fled fast from the hande
Ther came a grifton that wrought her care
Her ponge chylde away he bare
Into a country vnknowen
The lady wept and sayd alas
that euer she borne was
My childe is taken me fro
The kinge of Israell on hountinge went
He sawe where the foule lente
and toward him gan he go
A grifton that the boke saith that he highte
That in Israell did he light
That wrought that lady wo
the foule smote him with his bill
The childe cryed and liked ill
the grifton then lefte him there
A gentil woman to that gan passe
In a mantell of scarlet, lapped it was
And with a riche paue
The chylde was large of lymme and lithe
A gyrdell of golde it was bounde with
With worse cloth, it was not cladde
the kinge swore by the roode
The chylde was come of gentell bloode
Wherfoeuer he was come of gentell bloode
and for he fro the gryffou fell
They named the childe Degrabell
that lost was in the wylsome way
The kinge would hunt no more that tyde
But with the childe Degrabell
that fro the grifton was hente
Madame he said to his queue
Ful oft I haue on huntsing bene

This daye god hath me lent
Of that child she was blith
After nozithes she sent beli ue
the childe was louely and gente
Leaue we nowe of thys chylde
and speake we of his mother mylde
To what laude god her seut
All that night on the roche she lay
A winde rose vpon the day
and from the lande her dzyueth
In that shippe was neiher mast ne rider
But euery streame after other
That sast vpon her goeth
and as the great booke of Rome sayes
She was without fine dayes
amouge the great cleffes
Bythat fiue dayes were gone
God sent her succour soone
In Egipt vp she a rived
the kinge of Egipt lay in his toure
and saw the lady as wight as flour
That came right nere the lande
Ha commaunded a squier free
to looke what in that ship may be
That is vpon the sande
the squier went thyther full syle
On the ship boyde he did smyte
A lady vp then gan stande
She might not speake to him a worde
But lay and loked euer the boyde
and mayde saignes with hir hand
The squire wist not what she ment
Againe to the king he went
And kneled on his knes

Lord in the ship nothinge is
Sane ou in a womans likenes
That fast lo keth on me
But and she be of flesh and bone
A fayrer sawe I neuer none
She seemeth of some farlande
She maketh signes with her hand
Unknowen she is to me
Sir Marmadu he hight the king
He went a good pace
To the lady he saide bright in same
Speake woman in gods name
Against him he rose
The lady that was so meke & milde
She had so sore bewepte her childe
That almost lost she was
Home to the courte they her led
with good meate there was she fed
With good wyll she it taketh
Now good damesell saide the king
Where were ye borne my swete thing
Ye are so bright of ble
Lorde in art opes borne I was
Sir Priuson ouve my father is
That lorde is of that rountry
I and my maidens went to play
By an arme of the sea
the wind was lith, a boke ther stode
I and my squier in yode
But vnchristened was he
On lande I lefte my maydens all
My youge squier on slepe gan fall

My mantell on hym I threwe
A griffon there came that wrought me care
My yonge squier away he bare
Southeast with hym he drew
Damosell he sayd, be of good chere
Thou art my brothers daughter dere
For love of hym she laught
And there she did still dwell
Tell time that better betell
with ioy and mirth ynough he.
NOw is Eglamoure hole and sound
And well healed of his wound
Homeward then would he fare
Of the emperor toke he leaue ywys
Of the daughter and of the empres
and all the meyny that there were
Cristabell was most in his thought
the dragons heade home he brought
On his spare he it bare
By that seuen weekes, were come to ende
In the lande of Artoys he did come
where as the erle was
In the courte was tolde I vnderstand
How that eglamoure was come to land
with the Dragons head
His squier rode to hym full soone
Syr thus hath our lorde done
Fayre Cristabell is dead
A faire sonne she had borne
Both they now are forlorne
through the hys falsehede
In a shyppe he put them two
And with the winde let thom go
than swouned he where he stode

Alas then sayd the knight so free
Lorde where may my maidens be
That in her chamber was
His squier answered him full soone
As soone as she in the sea was done
Echone they way gan passe
Eglamoure went into the hall
Before the squires and knights all
And thou erle of Artoys
Take hede the Dragons head
All is mine that here is leued
what doest thou in my place.
Great dole it was to here
when he called Crystabell his fere
what art thou drowned in the sea
God that died on the roode bytterly
On thy soule haue mercy
And on that ponge childe so fre
the Erle was sorferde of eglamoure
That he was faine to take the toure
That euermore with him be
Eglamoure sayd to god we saue
all that the order of knighthode will haue
Rise vp and go with me
they were full faine to do his will
Up they rose and came hym till
He gaue them order sone
the while that he in hale abode
two and thirty knights he made
Fro morne till it was noone
tho that seruice had done
He gaue them leeue to leue vpon
For Cristabell to pray soone
that none I vnderstande

He toke the way to the holy land
Where god on roode was done
Sire glamoure as ye may here
He dwelled there fiftene yeare
The heathen men among
Full mankully there he him bare
Where any deedes of armes were
Againe them that liued wronge
In battaile or in turnamente
There might no man withstande his dent
But downe right per them thronge
By that fiftene yere were gone
His sonne that the grifon had tane
Was waxen both stiffe and stronge
Now is Dagrabel wapen wight
The kinge of Israell dubbed him a knight
And prince with his hande
Listen lordinges great and small
Of what manner of armes that he bare
And ye wolle understande
He beareth in a sure a grif on of gold
Richly portreited on the olde
On his clawes hanginge
A manchilde in a mantell
And with a girdell of golde e bound
Without any lesinge
The kinge of Israell his waxen olde
To Dagrabell his sonne he tolde
I wolde thou had a wyfe
When I am dead thou hast no fere
Richesse is soper
A messenger stode by the kinge
In Egipt is a swete thinge

I knowe none fuith on lyue
the knight for sooth his oth hath sworne
There shall none leue that is beyne
But he winne yet with knife
The kinge sayd by the roode
We will not let yf he be good
Haue done and bulke vs with
A none rich yt they made them yare
and they armoure to ship they bare
To passe the water deline
By that seuen daies were come to ende
Into the lande of Egipt they gan lende
The vncouth costes to see
Messengers went before to tell
Here cometh the kinge of Ieuell
with a fayre many
and the prince with many a knighe
For to haue your daughter bright
If it your will be
The kinge sayd I trow I shall
Finde lodginge for you all
Right welcome ye are to me
then trumpets in the ship arose
and euery man on land gose
The knightes were clothed in pall
this ponge knight of fiftene yeare
Herd eth as ye may heare
A foote aboue them all
The kinde of Egipt on lande goeth
the kinge of Egipt by the hand him taketh
and ledde him into the hall
Sir saide the kinge sete you downe
will ye let me see your daughter sene
Whit as bone of Ivory

The lady fro the chamber was brought
With mans hand she sewed wrought
And carued out of tre
Her owne sonne stode anbehelde
Well worthy him that might welde
thus to him selfe thought he
The kinge of Israell asked then
If that he might passe the streame
His sonnes wife for to be
Syr sayd the kinge if that ye may
Meete me a stroke to morowe day
Thine askinge graunt I thee
Lords in hall were set
And waytes blewe to mete
They made all riall chere
the two knights the dese began
Sir Digrabell and his mother then
they two were sib full neare
Than knightes went to see ywys
And euery man to his office
To serue the knights deare
and after meat theu washed they
And Clarkes the grace sayd
In hall as ye may beare
then on the morow when the day sprong
Gentilmen on their armure thronge
Degrabell he was dight
The kinge of Egipt gan him say
In a faire fielde that day
With many a noble knyght
what time the great lords him see
they asked what Lord that he might be
with the griffon so bright
The rulers of that game gan tell

This is the prince of Israel
Beware for he is wight
the king of Egypt toke a waste
the prince sawe that and sadly sate
If he were never so keene
Againe ꝧ king he made him bowne
Upon the grounde so grene
the king sayd so god me saue
thou art worthy her to haue
So sayde the all by dene
Euery lord gan other assaye
And squiers on the other day
that doughty were of deede
Sir degrabell his trouth he plight
And Christable that lady
to church they her ledde
through the might of god he spedde
His owne mother there he wedde
In Romance as we rede
She sawe his arms him before
She thought on him that forlore
She wepte like to be dead
What chere he sayd my lady clere
Why wepe you make euil cheare
We thinke ye are in thought
Syr in your armes now I fare
A fowle that on a tyme
A childe that I dere bought
That in a scarlet mantell was wounde
and with a girdell of golde bounde
The king of Israell said full right
In my forest the soule gan light
a Grifon to land him brought

He sayd to a sqyer full yende
and bad him for the mantell wende
That he dyd in hyde
Before hym was brought full yore
The mantell and the gyrdell clere
that richly were grayned
alas then said that lady fre
This seuenyght ye ten-en take fro me
In swonyng downe she dyde
How longe agone the kyng gan say
Fiftene yere sir quod thy stay
They assented to that the sayd
For soth my lorde Jamyras aide
That to his maryage we haue made
In the beginnyng of his reame
Demoysell locke so ever me lome
which of myn knyghtes wyll haue
Then Degrabell mad redy sone
Sir I could your wyfe good
and so I do myn other by the rede
That I myght dele ther one
there shall none nor dare it vertaynly
But if the quene wyll vs alwy
es I myself haue don
Than euery lord after gon say
for her wyll I make ready
With a spear and sworde in hond
who so may with that lady stere
forth be his wedded fere
Sir Eglamore was yone wer be hynd
He herde tell of that gaderyng wyne
and thyther wolde he wende
Grat lordes that herde of that cry
Thyther they rode all lykly

I lak as they might fare
The king of Saben was there alle
and other great lordes more
That ryall armes bare
Then cryes were made in the fielde
Four lordes in fyt therein wolde
they vaulted and made them yare
Sir eglamoure thought he came late
He was not worthy out to be caste
the knight was clothed in ceare
For that criftable was put in the fea
Now armes bearetly he
I will them dyscryve
He beareth in Azure a chyfe of gold
full richly portreted in the molde
Fill well and worthely
The fea was wode both grimme and bolde
A ponge cnyde of a nighe olde
and a woman lying therby
Of pluer was the mast, of golde the fayne
Sayle, rope, cables echone
Pilotes were worthely
Hercoles of armes fome on his
Cuerpon les armes can discrie
In tha fyldes fo broade
Then crystabel as whit as flowre
She sat upon an hie towre
For her that cry was made
the yonge knight of fiftene yeare olde
That was bothe doughty and bolde
Who so that he did theym smyte
With his dintes they fell flate
Never on his stroke abode

Sir eglamout houed and beheelde
How the folke in the feelde downe feldē
The knightes all bedene
Wheu Degrabel him ſe he rode pr̄ wtyll
and ſayd for why are ye ſo tyl
amonge all theſe knightes kene
Eglamoure ſayd to him r̄wys
I am come out of bethens
It were ſynneme ſo mele
Degrabell ſaid ſo mote I thee
Yoze wo̅ſhyppe it had ben to thee
Unarmed to haue bene
the father on the ionue ſeughe
Haue pr̄ nes had inſyngē ynoughe
Where that you haue ye
that day fall haue I ſeene
With ſo dugge men haue I bene
And yet well gone my waye
And yet forſoth ſayd he than
I wyll do as wyſely I can
With you once to playe
Herde to gither the knightes donge
with great ſpeares ſharpe and longe
them behelde echone
Syr eglamoure as it was happe
he gaue his ſonne ſuch a rappe
that to the grounde wente he
Alas then ſayd that lady fre
My ſonne is dead by godes pitie
the kene knight hath him ſlaine
Then meu ſaide boldyn molde
the knight that beareth the ſhippe of golde
Hath wonne her on the playne
Harroldes of armes cryed then

Is there now any maner of man
Wyll make his body good
That will inst any more
Say now e while we be heare
Degrabell sayde by god almight
We thinke that I dare st with yinn fight
If he were neuer so wode
Lordes together made a bowe
Forsoth they sayd best worthy art thou
To haue thy fre thy fode
For to bnarme knightes gan go
Clothes of golde on him they do
To meate then gan the wende
Sir eglamoure then wan the gre
Beside the lady set was he
Sye fayned him as her friende
For what cause that he doze
A ship of golde with mast and doze
He layd with wordes wende
Damosel into the sea was done
My lady and my ponge sonne
and there they made an ende
Knowledge to him toke she tho
Now good sir tell me how so
that they were brought to grounde
While I was in far country
Her father put her into the sea
with the waues to founde
with honest merth and game
Of him she asked his name
and he answered that stounde
We call sir there I was borne
Eglamour of Artoys
that with a worme was wounde

In swerving fell that in hyee
welcome our eglantine to me
tyding I will bring tell here
Thereby of will he tell sone
How she hate these
then were ye all glad and mery
Whatteres hid I here
Where ye thes and yet ye better be
Thy spindetoes wild: ma spice
Full crafty is he god in heaven
that men mete at valet steven
and so ich hell there
The king of Israell yan tell
How that he founde yr Degrabell
Lordinges listen then
Eglantine ware wed on his kne
Mylorde he said god yelde it thes
Ye have made him a man
The king of Israell sayd I wold chee gyue
halfe my kingdome while I do line
Myheart sonne as whight as swanne
thou shalt have my doughter Aronade
The king of Sardeu sayd also
I remeine trewe thou bet wn
Eglantine praied the kinges three
at his wedding for to be
If that they wolde vouchesaue
all graunted him that there were
Lytell, lelle and more
Lorde Jesus crist them have
Kinges, erles, Iwnderstande
and worthy Dukes of many a lande
With ioy and mirth ynough be
the trumpets in the chipper blowes